

I

Oxfords Lamentation IN A DIALOGUE ^{Sh.} BETWEEN OXFORD AND LONDON: Concerning the Dissolution OF THE Parliament.

30. March. 1681

Oxford. **W**HAT is the Pomp and Glory of this World?
How soon is all into Confusion hurl'd?
I, who in Pride, held up my Head of late,
With so much Joy, Expectancy and State,
Seeing my Sister Cities of the Land,
Like Servants, at a distance from me stand;
Whilst I Exalted was by King and Court,
Am on a sudden made Dame Fortune's Sport;
And with one Breath am to the Ground thrown down,
My Pomp, my Pride, and Glory all is gone:
One puff of Royal Fire away has sent
My Hopes together with the Parliament:
Was it for this I laid out so much cost,
To have my Glory in a moment lost?
But few Days since my Conduits did run Wine,
And now as fast they run with Tears salt Brine.

London. *What ho! what sad Nymph hear I thus complain,*
That makes me my salt shov're of Tears refrain?
Am I deceiv'd, or may I my Eyes trust,
Is it my Sister Oxford in the Dust?
She who had Rob'd me of my chief Content,
My Hope, my Love, my Joy, my Parliament?

Oxf. O Sister London it is I you see,
As sorrowful as e're was Niobe;
And now the King and Parliament are gone,
Like her I weep, till I am chang'd to stone.

Lond.



Lond. Tho' you had rob'd me of my Hope and Joy,
And sought with Pride my Comfort to destroy.
Yet since my King had will'd you to be great,
I did with Tears and with sad Heart submit ;
When I resign'd my Love, and gave you place,
Would you so soon Kill him with your Embrace ?

Oxf. Oh ! name no more your Love, behold my Eyes
They'll witness that his Death was my surprize ;
My Sadness, Tears, and Mourning are too true,
I have a Lovers pangs as well as you.
Against me all my Sisters will be bent,
And 'twill me of my short-Liv'd Parliament,
A meer *Ephemeron* Lover, of a Day,
Appear'd, was seen, then Vanished away,
A *Musbrump*, that in one Night up did spring,
Gather'd ith' Morn, a Sallad for a King ;
The Peoples Representatives are but Men
Set up by Kings, to be Tip'd down agen.
But Oh ! my Heart is full, I cannot speak,
At me with Scars, I see your Head you thake ;
I'll lay me down by Silver Isis side,
And with my Tears increase her Chrystral Lyde.

Lond. Ah ! mournful Nymph you do not grieve alone,
I weep as well as you our Lover gone ;
Beloved Thames makes Musick to my sigh,
And with sad voice my side runs murmuring by.
All England weeps, and doth in Sack-cloath Groan,
Humber, Trent, Dee, Severn, and Meadoway moan
The loss of our Dead Lover, and we find
Our numerous Cities, to his Memory kind ;
Throughout the Land, their Tears like Currents flow,
And in sad murmuring sighs they tell their woe.

Oxf. Oh ! Sister when shall ever we be sped ?
How soon have we seen two dear Lovers dead,
As if the Plague, or Murrain, they had got,
They dye like Sheep that's Killed with the Rot.
Assit me now *Melpomeny* to Weep,
Oh ! my dear Muses are you all asleep ?
You that e're while melodiously did Chant,
Have you no Elegy left fit for Complaint ?
Hang up your Harps upon the Willow-Tree,
And sit you down and weep, and weep with me.

Lond. With you my doleful Sister, I'll bear part,
For I am griev'd as well as you at Heart :
Let us Embalm with Tears our Lover dead,
Whose Soul is now among the People sted :
His Body's gone, a Shaddow now we weep,
For ever laid in an Eternal Sleep :
Weep Sisters of this Isle, and ne'r give o're,
For 'tis in vain to Hope for Lover more :
We ne'r a true kind Lover e're shall Wed,
Some evil Daemon strikes our Lovers dead ;
And no one with us e're alive can stay,
Till Raguel drives the Evil-Spirit away.

F I N I S.